

# WYOMING TIGERS 35E'S

RAM BY

NAME, RAM

BY NATURE

The mysteries of easypeasysportsgotmegreasy.com continue to unveil themselves. Who knew you could hover and reveal the voting for Best and Fairest each week. Although Dyl reckons his App is broken, 'when I hover over, I never have any votes!' Awkward...

One event to go unnoticed during the Mon-Fri grind by sportsrortsnsports.com was Magic and Stitty sharing a family pass to go watch the Liverpool fiasco. Obviously they are back on. Clearly Magic has been out kinked by Jay's obsession with becoming a cyborg. On Saturday, the East Gosford Rams descended upon Alan Davo, intent on stamping their place in the four, even if it meant getting a little physical. And when you are lining up against a trunk of muscle in Defence that answers to the name 'Choppy', you just know it's gonna be one of those afternoons.

Play of the Day went to The Rev, who, clearly shitting his pants as a long high ball was bearing down on him, remembered those threatening words from Jez about not raising his hands above his head. **SMACK!** Right in the face.

Aids sported new tight socks without the feet. Supposed to help blood flow, or stop cramping or just look super cool. Either way, expect Dyl, Bretty and Bobby to be wearing some next game.

Despite the gear though, he may be looking to claim Jez's mantle, notching up miss number four. Ouch!

Now we've unlocked a bit of a secret here and before NASA get onto it we better keep you in the loop.

So stick with me here – we could be entering Moon Rabbit territory.

In soccer, I have come to understand there is a thing called 'injury time' – Fohad knows how match officials come to this seemingly plucked out of thin air figure, but as you know at the end of every half of football, its invariably added on. No biggie.

But riddle me this Batman: Hypothetically, a team scores in the 3<sup>rd</sup> minute of injury time in the first half

(because in this imaginary scenario, we added four minutes on – cause we've gotta factor in Doylee snapping some poor sap in two) to have the goal recorded in the 48<sup>th</sup> minute of the match.

Are we keeping ground? Good.

Now after oranges, and thanks to Ed's brilliant work, it was exactly that last weekend, a bloke goes out on the field and scores in the first minute of the second half. Now, noticing that during televised matches on my plasma-LCD-DavestickitupyourdateWarner TeeVee, the clock is wound back to the start of the second half at the 45 minute mark, his goal is now posted at the 46<sup>th</sup> minute.

Kapeesh?

So...and we may need Stephen Hawking (or Johnny 'the Rev' Eden, being our scholarly intellectual equal) here to help clear things up a bit, but this appears a little like time travel. Factoring in the halftime break, the second goal (which is in fact the first gaol) has been scored before the first gaol (which is now the second). Thus making time travel possible. And only in Soccer!

If this is possible, and I think I have just *clearly* demonstrated that it is, let us go to the next phase.

There are two people running around our team, who are in fact one and the same!

Jez and Dyl are in fact the same person!!!

Yep, read it again, digest, I'll see you after a cuppa.

Now nobody knows their children better than their mother who asks as she look on, 'How come there are two 17's?' then adds, 'I can't tell the difference between the two.'

'Yeah, same noggin' the observer notes.

'And same belly!' states the mum. Knows her own!

Here are the Facts:

Both wear 17, both look the same (in head and gut), both drink bloody piccolo's, and both won't stop this incessant whinging about a pain they are experiencing in their left breast. Seriously, how many people have an injury there?!

How'd they do it? Who is the original? It's either got to do with a dodgy batch of mushrooms or malfunctioning SBS studio equipment.

Either that or someone has a 'Human Duplicator Machine' in their back pocket.

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Next Week: the Half yearly report card; Kenno – Can  
Talk!; Bobby Hay, the man that keeps your goals.